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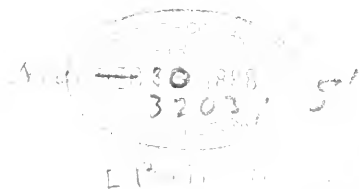




PHLOX.



ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.



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INDEX

NATURE'S CONFESSION OF GOD	5
A STORY OF SLAVERY	6
GOD CAN TURN IT INTO GOLD	9
FROST PICTURES	10
SNOW FLAKES	11
THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD	12
WEDDING BELLS	13
THE COBBLER AND HIS GIFT	16
LIFE IN THE COUNTRY	17
THROWING KISSES TO GOD	20
SHALL WE?	22
PRAISE ON EARTH	22

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NATURE'S CONFESSION OF GOD.

THEE, God, all nature doth confess ;
 To thine all-seeing eye
Her forms assume a loveliness,
 Her tones ascend on high,
And, blending in one perfect song,
Delight thee and thy angel throng.
The broad, blue desert overhead,
 Where planet pilgrims stray,
The moon's soft light so gently shed,
 The winds that thee obey,
Clouds, pearly showers and hurricanes,
All tell that God in wisdom reigns.
The sun, that thy great power shows forth,
 The sunshine, like thy love,
The atmosphere, that broods o'er earth
 As broods thy peace above,
Life-giving, boundless, pure and free—
These all confess thy sovereignty.
Ocean, with myriad waves that kneel
 Upon her thousand shores,
With isles like dulcet notes that steal
 Into her song, adores
Thy name and chants incessantly,
Or thunders forth her praise to thee.

The aged mountains, forest-clad,
Broad plains with bounty blest,
Calm lakes, brooks, silver-tongued and glad,
Rivers that never rest,
With earth's ten thousand birds proclaim
The glory of thy wondrous name.

A STORY OF SLAVERY.

THE golden sun ere setting shone forth through
clouds of white,
To cast on the spring-clad earth its last mellow rays
of light ;
And they fell on a small brown cottage in New
England's rugged wood,
Where half hid in the vine-draped doorway, a little
maiden stood.
She had come to the cottage door tired of her lessons
and play,
To wait her father's return from the mill where he
worked all day ;
When a negress rushed down the road and stopped
by the side of the child,
Her dress was badly tattered, her face looked strange
and wild.
She asked, "Can you hide me, save me, for the dogs
are on my track,
Eager to tear my flesh and drive me madly back ;

Back to the toil and drudge of the dreary old plantation,
Ah, child, you know but little of a poor slave's lowly station.
They've chased me night and day through swamps
and through fertile fields,
Where the beautiful waving grain to the reaper's
sickle yields ;
And I wished that I might yield to the welcome
reaper, death,
But still with all life's miseries I sometimes love my
breath ;
And if you could but hide me in some safe place
near by,
The dogs might lose my track, if not, I must yield or
die.

The slave's story was ended ; the little country child
Had ne'er seen sight so pitiful, heard tale so strange
and wild ;
The tears unheeded fell down her little innocent
face,
As she said, "Come, follow me, we'll find a hiding
place,
'Tis an old hollow oak, near it I often play,
In playing hide and seek, I've hid there many a day."
Then she led the weary negress to an old hollow oak,
And only the slave's low moan the country stillness
broke.
The tree, so large and tall, well held the slave's slight
form,

And she thanked God for this shelter when the little
child had gone.

The maiden again was standing as she had stood
before.

When a rough and angry horseman stopped his horse
at the cottage door ;

In accents loud he asked, "Have you seen a slave
today,

A tall and slender negress, has she not passed this
way ?

I've nearly lost her track for my noble bloodhounds
fell,

While stopping on the way to drink from a poisoned
well."

Again the tear drops glistened in the little maiden's
eye,

What could she, should she say? she could not tell
a lie.

"Come, tell me, have you seen her?" he poured his
harsh words forth,

But at sight of her tears he grew calm, for he
thought of his child in the South.

The honest child replied, "I've hid her away from
you,

For my father says you men buy slaves and sell
them too;"

Then shaking the cents from her bank, she counted
twenty and one,

Really thinking she could purchase the slave with
this small sum :

So she passed them to him and said, "Now, the
 slave's my own,
She'll never be treated again like a dog in a south-
 erner's home."

The cruel man was touched by what she did and
 said,
And glancing at the maiden, he turned his horse's
 head,
Saying, "Keep the slave, my child, and also keep
 your pay,
You've given me more than money by the words
 you've said today."
And he started for his home to live a better man,
While the child with the joyous news to the anxious
 negress ran.

"GOD CAN TURN IT INTO GOLD."

"THIS cent for God is truly gold,
 My bestest cent," cried baby Lu.
"Oh, no, the mission cent you hold
 Just *looks* like gold," said sister Sue.

"O, that's too bad!" Lulu replied,
 But back the gates of sunlight rolled
As gleefully the darling cried,
 "But God can turn it into gold."

Ah, babe, you're wiser than us all;
How great the truth that you unfold!
The widow's mite, however small,
Our God can turn it into gold.

The weakest prayer that's raised toward heaven,
The smallest deed or sacrifice,
If these are all that can be given,
They will be golden to God's eyes.

— — —

FROST PICTURES.

BEAUTIFUL pictures every morn,
Are sketched my window pane, upon,

By some magic artist with careless hand,
Some one escaped from fairy land.

Mountain and valley, hill and plain,
Forest and lake and fields of grain,

Streams that clear as crystal flow,
Marble ruins and falling snow,

Cities where tiny church spires rise,
White winged birds and starry skies,

Elves and flowers and fallen trees,
Icebergs floating in polar seas,

White ships tossed by ocean waves,
Slender sea-weeds and coral caves,

And countless things I cannot name,
Are starred upon my window pane.
As the rising sun's soft, silvery light
Illumes my pictures pure and white,
More beautiful still to me they seem,
Then fade away like a summer dream,
To dawn again, but never the same
As they were this morn on my window pane.

SNOWFLAKES.

IN numberless crowds we flock from the clouds ;
By many a breeze we're whirled :
Though each a speck, together we deck
In a bridal robe, the world.

We caper and skip and playfully trip,
Each lighter than any feather ;
We frolic and glide and on the winds ride,
And have fine times together.

Little fairies are we dancing merrily,
In the great, broad fields of air,
Till tired of our fun, to the earth we come,
Lighting any and everywhere.

On the trees we light, till they blossom in white,
We paint each house anew,
We carpet the fields, and everything yields
To the magic work we do.

And we cover the flowers asleep in their bowers,
With a white and spotless spread,
To keep them warm and safe from the storm,
Till Spring bids each raise its head.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

AN angel came to earth one day
To bear a little child away,
In fields of light to dwell.
The watching friends no sound could hear,
None thought an angel was so near,
None felt the heavenly spell

The angel shed upon the child,
As ling'ring by the sight beguiled,
He scanned the little face.
"Sweet babe, I'll take thee to my breast,
Ere sorrow's known, I'll give thee rest,
Come to a better place.

"But no, heaven has enough like thee,
Earth needs thy love and purity,
Here longer must thou stay."
Thus whispered low the heavenly guest,
A kiss upon the child he pressed,
Then soared in light away.

Maid, half of earth and half of heaven.
To whom a second birth was given.

Sealed by the angel's kiss :
Thyself an angel since that day
Min'string o'er the earth dost stray,
Spirit of heavenly bliss.

And only those who dwell above
Know whence thy many deeds of love ;
It is not even thine
To know what makes thy life so bright,
Why thou dost walk in heaven's own light,
Or whence this peace divine.

WEDDING BELLS.

TO REV. AND MRS. J. M. BUFTUM ON THEIR MARRIAGE
DAY, JUNE 28, 1887, LEWISTON, MAINE.

JUNE, fair bride of all the year.
Shy and winsome June is here,
June, with all her wealth of roses,
Sweet the secrets she discloses ;
One with you doth richly dwell,
One you've heard and heeded well.
Clouds their daintiest pink now wear,
Flowers are blushing everywhere,
Clouds reflect the sunset's hue,
Shouldn't brides be blushing too ?

Now's the time for wedding bells,
Merrily their music swells,
Softly pealing, gently stealing,
In each note what sweetness dwells,
Each a separate joy revealing,
Happy wedding bells!

Dearest friends, we've gathered here
With kindly greetings and good cheer :
Here our friendship we'd renew,
Here pledge stronger love to you.
Our congratulations take,
With best wishes which we make
That your days be all like this,
Each a wedding day in bliss.
From our hearts such gifts are given,
And they will keep bright for heaven :
Echo, bells, from each fond breast,
What our words have ne'er expressed,
Bells repeating all our greeting,
Ah, your meaning can be guessed,
For our hearts with you are beating,
Joyous wedding bells!

Wedding gifts doth nature add
For she too would make you glad :
Hers are stores of sunny hours,
Smiling skies and fair-faced flowers,
Frolic breezes, balmy air,
Beauty lavished everywhere,
Birds that now to you are telling
From each lofty, leafy dwelling,

"Home life's sweet, who e'er denied it?
Home life's sweet, we know, we've tried it."
From their happy little throats,
To our ears each bird song floats,
Softly blending, freely lending
Charms to the melodious notes,
Such delightful measures wending
From the wedding bells.

What's the future? Do you know it,
Wedding bells, and will you show it?
Nay, 'tis only known above,
God will deal each year in love.
If we judge them by the present,
Then they will be very pleasant.
God, by whom the birds are blest
Every year with a new nest,
If you wish it will give you
Every year a new home too.
Peal, gay bells, the story olden,
While our very thoughts are holden,
Sympathizing, harmonizing
With the music soft and golden,
To such sweet perfection rising,
Happy wedding bells!

THE COBBLER AND HIS GIFT.

HE only mended shoes, few people knew his name,
They knew not where he lived, and cared not
whence he came ;

None but the children knew his kind and noble heart,
That during life's long run had bravely done its part.
They'd gather at his home, it was a humble place,
Whose only sunshine beamed from his bright, genial
face ;

And when school hours had passed, they'd flock
about his door

And listen to the tales he told of days of yore.
He'd tell them of strange sights he'd seen in foreign
lands,

With bits of leather gay, he'd fill their little hands ;
Their lessons he explained, he mended broken toys,
Their petty cares were his, and his their simple joys.

But as the short years sped, his grey hair grew more
grey,

No more to visit him the children left their play ;
What cared they for him now ? he was so changed,
so old,

His kind deeds were all done, his stories all were
told.

One little girl alone remained his constant friend,
And to his cheerless home the sweet wild flowers
she'd send.

And she would visit him and read beside his bed,
Bring water from the well and soothe his aching
head.

No summer's day too warm, no winter's day too cold
To keep her from her friend, lone, hungry, sick and
old ;

One day he seemed more weak, and spoke in whis-
pers low :

"My stay on earth is short, I soon to heaven must go.

I've made some shoes for you that in this box you'll
find,

I would the gift were more, for you have been so
kind ;"

And then with eager feet her gift she homeward bore,
And many, many weeks the little shoes she wore.

But when the leather rough, showed marks of con-
stant wear,

And she with trinkets placed this strange keepsake
with care,

Bank notes of valued stamp from 'neath the lining
fell,

And told the gratitude the cobbler could not tell
To her, his constant friend, in sickness as in health.
Now in return repaid by all his hoarded wealth.

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

GRADUATING POEM, JUNE 20, 1884.

FAR from the city's rush and ceaseless noise,
Its crowded buildings and its tiresome joys,
The quiet country with those charms extends
Which lavish nature in her kindness lends ;

The fields, the groves, the pure, sun-softened air,
The road-side brook, birds singing everywhere,
The sweet wild flowers of various colors wrought,
All help inspire happy and peaceful thought.
Where naught but endless beauty one may scan,
It almost seems that nature thinks for man.

Here pleasantly through fields and meadows wend
The winding roads, o'er which the elm trees bend,
And near these roads the neat farm houses stand,
The brightest, happiest homes throughout our land ;
Small houses they, with barns of twice their size,
Above their roofs the lilac hedges rise,
And old time hollyhocks sedately guard
The other younger blossoms in each yard ;
The little rustic fence, the clean swept path,
The martin houses raised in kind behalf
Of homeless birds, each adds a special charm
To pleasant sights we see around the farm.

The farmer sees his wealth in falling rain,
In op'ning buds and fields of golden grain ;
He plows and sows and well kept gardens show,
How hard the work he gave that they might grow.
He tends his herds, and 'neath the scorching sun,
That dreaded task, the haying, must be done.

Here, twice a year the peddler comes around
With bargains, such as ne'er before were found ;
A hard-faced man is he, with bony cheeks,
His teeth are false, and every word he speaks ;
His pack is filled with everything one needs,
Soothing syrup and snuff, crimp-nets, flower seeds,

Jew's harps and combs and bibles an' dream books,
Rattles and spectacles and fishing hooks ;
If purchases are small he soon is gone,
Grumbling that he has been detained so long.

When May-day dawns with warm and spotless sky,
The young folks hasten to the woods near by ;
They gather May flowers and they choose a queen,
They raise the pole, they wreath her head with green ;
With lively zeal do they their sports pursue,
Each well known play seems fresh, each jest is new.

Here is the meeting house, no lest and small,
Whose bell answered, though seldom heard by all,
Summons to services each Sabbath day,
The country people living miles away ;
When church is done then one and all shake hands,
Discuss religion, politics and lands,
And of their friends inquire with anxious care,
How farms and poultry, herds and babies are.

When fall appears, clad in her nut brown suit,
And proudly blushes, gazing at her fruit,
To rob the apple trees the people go
Where heavy boughs with golden fruit hang low ;
Then from the orchard one and all depart,
Crowded with apples in the roomy cart ;
The old horse, frightened at his jolly load,
Runs through the orchard, down the rocky road,
Upon the hill he stops, then gives a start,
The harness breaks, severing himself and cart,
And horseless down the hill the people drive,
And at the foot are all picked up—alive.

When winter in his snowy cloak returns
And on the hearth the snapping pine log burns,
'Tis pleasant then when all have ceased to rove,
To gather round the good old kitchen stove ;
All work is o'er and now a useless thing,
The iron tea kettle has ceased to sing,
The corn is popped, the apples passed around,
Beechnuts are cracked, stories and jests abound.
While the old house dog in his corner lies
Watching the merry group with blinking eyes.
Of winter sports we find the country full,
Sleighing, lyceums and the candy pull ;
Yet winter heavily oft drags along,
When north winds rage and howls the bleak wild
storm.

The various scenes of country life now end,
And if by naming them some thought they lend
Whereby to make our daily tasks more blest,
We'll all agree that country life is best.

THROWING KISSES TO GOD.

LITTLE Ida had gone to bed,
Dressed in her nightgown white,
And mamma after kissing her
Bade her a cheerful goodnight.

Mamma then closed the door,
Some errand outside to do,
But before she went down stairs,
Ida's room she must go through.

As soon as she entered it again
She looked towards Ida's bed,
Saw her throwing upward her kisses,
And "I love you Dod," she said.

"What are you doing, my darling?"
The mother asked in surprise ;
As soon as the sentence was spoken
Ida turned her large blue eyes.

"O," Ida said, "It's Dod in heaven
That I'm throwing kisses to,
I'd like to do and live with him
If it wasn't for leaving you.

"I'd like to hug him, I would, mamma,
And I'd like to see his face ;"
And the mother listened in silence
To this beautiful childlike grace.

Oh, sweet, precious little Ida !
Oh, now sainted little one !
Five weeks only from that evening
The death angel bade her come.

And her tiny, lifeless body
Her parents saw laid 'neath the sod,
But they knew that her little spirit
Had gone to live with her God.

SHALL WE ?

SHALL we let them die among us,
Strong young men and feeble sires ?
Shall we let the wine they're quaffing
Kindle soul-consuming fires ?
Shall we let the children follow
In their father's erring way ?
Shall we let the awful tempter
Seize such fair and spotless prey ?
Oh, the mothers that are mourning,
Oh, the sisters and the wives,—
Thousands of them daily weeping
For their dear one's ruined lives !
If we know what is our duty
Yet from doing it we shirk,
Will not God who showed it to us,
Call the drunkard's fate, our work ?

PRAISE ON EARTH.

I often think 'twill be so sweet
To sit sometime at Jesus' feet,
His love and praises to repeat.
And yet 'tis just as sweet to know,
That I my love to him may show,
And I may praise him here below.

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